March 23, 1967

Office of the District Attorney
City of New Orleans
Louisiana

Dear Sirs:

The following might be of interest to you. At the time the following events occurred (mostly alluded-to events, to be sure), I was too wary to pursue them; too frightened would be a better description.

In March of 1963 I was "befriended" by Richard Nagell, an ex-captain of Infantry (Korean war) and ex-CIA agent. The first claim was proven; the second was, of course, impossible to confirm. At the time, I was proprietor of a "left-wing bookstore" (Los Angeles' Police Department's "Red Squad's" description) and an executive officer of the Los Angeles Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

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Nagell's behavior was cautious and quiet. After a series of conversational encounters he showed me what amounted to a scrapbook of his life. The news clippings were authentic; I checked them out. I cannot attest, naturally, to the photostatic copies of personal documents, Xeroxed copies of Army records, etc. In fine, ex-Captain Nagell was a mysterious figure; and in my semi-professional judgment certainly not a paranoid schizophrenic. He was checking me out, slowly, carefully, for a reason unknown to me even today.

I checked out some of his record. He was a highly-decorated war hero; he was critically injured in a plane crash somewhere in Cambodia in 1957 while, as he claimed, he was in the employ of the CIA. He was shot almost to death in Long Beach, California, in 1960, by an unknown assailant (he wouldn't talk about it). While critically wounded by a .38 caliber bullet in his chest, he hired a cab driver to take him 30 miles to a Santa Monica hospital (verifiable) where he entered under an alias.

Suddenly, in August of 1963, he left Los Angeles, leaving me only a cryptic note saying something about contacting me later and that "certain people in certain circles thought very highly" of me. Whatever that meant.

In March of 1964 he sent me two letters from El Paso, Texas, allegedly smuggled from jail. He

was, I learned, being held for "armed robbery." The first letter was a curious request that I, if questioned, be sure to attest to his "right-wing leanings;" and that I take into consideration that the events in "D" (Dallas) might have been a tragic blunder ("sometimes things go wrong"). The second letter was a request to mail out a series of letters (in the form of a prepared press release) to the Warren Commission, The L. A. Times, The N. Y. Times, and others, reporting that he had been overheard to say during his arraignment that "the FBI held full responsibility for Kennedy's assassination;" and that he was immediately led out of the court by "federal men."

The second letter began, as did the first, with the information that the return addresses on the envelopes were "phony" and to disregard them. The street names and numbers were identical, and the city was El Paso. In checking, true, they were fictitious: no such El Paso street. But there was such a street and number in Los Angeles. It was two doors away, I discovered, from Richard Nagell's mother's house.

I secured her phone number, called her (using an assumed name), pretended to be an old Army buddy who had accidentally met Richard a few months ago, and asked, "What the hell, anyway, was the meaning of the strange postcard I received from him from El Paso saying he was 'in trouble'?"

It took almost half an hour to assure her that I was what I said I was before she admitted that: 1) the FBI had told her not to talk to anyone; 2) they assured her "Richard was sick;" 3) she felt something was very wrong; and 4) Richard somehow "knew something" about the assassination. She would not tell me what he had been arrested for and convicted of; she would only say that I should go to the town from which the letters were mailed.

Two years ago my wife and a friend read all of the meagre correspondence between Richard and me, reviewed the facts, and burned the paperwork. In fine, we were scared. It would be silly of me not to be frightened even today. If you wish to talk to me, place an ad reading:

Don Morgan contact
Jim immediately

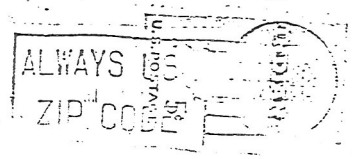
RI-84590

in The Berkeley Barb, 2421 Oregon St., Berkeley, California (a weekly newspaper). If not, good luck with your investigation, gentlemen; you will certainly need it.

Sincerely yours,

Don Morgan

Don Morgan (alias)

P. S. I do not know Nagell's whereabouts, except that he was convicted and was last reported in a Texas federal prison.

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